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Walden

MACBETH

A TRAGEDY

BY SHAKESPEAR.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES

SELECTED FROM

DR. JOHNSON'S AND MR. STEEVENS'S

COMMENTARIES.

GOETTINGEN,

TO BE SOLD BY I. C. DIETERICH.

1778.



Dramatis Personae.

Duncan, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm,]
Donalbain,] *Sons to the King.*

Macbeth,]
Banquo,] *his Generals.*

Lenox,]
Macduff,]
Roffe,]
Menteth,] *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Angus,]
Cathness,]

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *General of the English Forces.*

Young Siward, his Son.

Seyton.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Hecate, and three Witches.

SCENE, *in the End of the fourth Act lies in*
ENGLAND; *through the rest of the Play, in*
SCOTLAND; *and chiefly, at MACBETH's Castle.*

MACBETH.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3 *Witch.* There to meet with *Macbeth*.

1 *Witch.* I come, *Grimalkin* ¹ —

All. *Podocke* calls — anon!

Fair is foul, and foul is fair ²;

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt.

A 2

SCE-

1. *Grimalkin* — Mr. Upton observes, that to understand this passage we should suppose *one familiar* calling with the voice of a cat, and *the other*, *Podocke*, with the croaking of a toad.

2. *To us*, perverse and malignant as we are.

SCENE II.

Enter King, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can
report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood:
As two spent swimmers that do cling to-
gether,
And choak their art: the merciless *Macdonel*,
(Worthy to be a Rebel; for, to That
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of ³ *Kernes* and *Gallow-glass*es was supply'd
And Fortune, on his damned ⁴ quarry smi-
ling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too
weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that
name)

Dis-

3. Kerni, pedites levioris, Galloglassii pedites gravioris armaturae. v. *Waræi* antiq. Hiber. cap. 6.

4. Quarry, in the sportsman's sense, for game. Dr. Johnson reads quarrel, which word in a passage of *Holingshed* signifies cause.

MACBETH.

5

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion, carved out his passage,
'Till he fac'd the slave;
Who ne'er shook hands, nor bid farewell to
him
'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the
chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd
to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland,
mark;
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their
heels;
But the *Norwegian* lord, surveying 'vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes,
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

A 3

Ex-

Except they meant to bathe in reeking
wounds,

Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell —

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. —

King. So well thy words become thee,
as thy wounds:

They smack of honour both. Go, get him
surgeons.

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Len. What a haste looks through his
eyes?

So should he look, that seems to speak things
strange.

Rosse. God save the King!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy
Thane?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great King;
Where the *Norwegian* banners flout⁵ the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway, himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismal con-
flict;

'Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him⁶ with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,

The

5. To mock, or insult; the banners wave in defiance of
the sky —

6. Shew'd he was his equal.

The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. Now *Sveno*, *Norway's* King,
craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colme's* inch, †
Ten thousand dollars, to our general use.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor*
shall deceive
Our bosom-interest. Go, pronounce his death;
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Mac-*
beth hath won.

Exeunt.

SCENE. III.

Thunder. Enter the three *Witches*.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts
in her lap,

And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht.
Give me, quoth I.

Aroint thee, witch! — the rump-fed ronyon
cries.

Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone; master o' the
Tyger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,

A 4

I'll

† Colmes-inch, now called Inchcomb. *Inch*, *ynch*, was
the old scots word for *island*.

I'll do — I'll do — and I'll do.

1 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind,

2 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other.

And the very points they blow;

All the quarters that they know,

I th' shipman's card —

I will drain him dry as hay;

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid⁷;

Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle,⁸ peak and pine;

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toft,

Look, what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he hid come.

(*Drum within.*)

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come!

All. The⁹ weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And

7. To *bid*, to command, is originally to *pray*; As to *forbid* implies the opposition to the word *bid*, *prohibit*, it signifies in its primitive derivation, to *curse*.

8. This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees.

9. *Weird* is used substantively signifying a *prophecy* by some, and by others, *Destinies*.

And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace! — the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO, with Soldiers and other Attendants.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Foris*? —
What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't! Live you, or are yon aught
That man may question! You seem to under-
stand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips; — You should be
women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can; what are you?

1 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth*! hail to thee,
Thane of Glamis!

2 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth*! hail to thee,
Thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All-hail, *Macbeth*! that shalt
be *King* hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why do you start, and
seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical^r, or that indeed (To the
(Witches.

A 5

Which

1. *Creatures of fantasy.* Are we deceived by illusions
of fancy?

Which outwardly ye shew? my noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great pre-
diction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak
not;

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which
will not;

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lessler than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though
thou be none;

So, all-hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*!

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers,
tell me more;

By *Sinel's* ² death, I know, I am *Thane* of
Glamis;

But how, of *Cawdor*? the *Thane* of *Caw-*
dor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say, from
whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon

2. *Sinel*, the father of *Macbeth*.

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,
With such prophetick greeting? — speak, I
charge you.

(Witches vanish.)

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;

And these are of them; whither are they vanished?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,

Melted, as breath into the wind. —
Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root, †
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane of Cawdor* too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words;
who's here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd,
Macbeth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which would be thine, or his. Silenc'd
with that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He

† Holinshed informs us that Duncan sent the Danes wine mingled with berries of a soporific quality, and murdered them.

He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* ranks,
 Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale ³,
 Came post with post; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence:
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his fight,
 Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater
 honour,
 He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane* of
Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!
 For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives; why
 do you dress me
 In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
 But under heavy judgment bears that life,
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
 Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and 'vantage, or that with
 both
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know
 not:

But treasons capital, confess'd, and proved,
 Have overthrown him.

Macb. *Glamis*, and *Thane* of *Cawdor*!
 (Aside.
 The

3. Posts arrived as fast as they could be counted.

The greatest is behind. Thanks for your
pains,
Do you not hope, your children shall be
Kings?

When those, that gave the *Thane of Cawdor*
to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted ⁴ home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the *Thane of Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gent-
lemen —

This supernatural solliciting ⁵
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. — If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am *Thane of*
Cawdor.

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fan-
tastical,

Sha-

4. *Trusted home*, i. e. carried as far as it will go.

5. *Incitement*.

Shakes to my single state of man, that ⁶ function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me king, why,
chance may crown me (*Aside.*

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours, come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
mould

But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time ⁷ and the hour runs through the roughest
day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your
leisure.

Mac. Give me your favour: my dull
brain was wrought^s
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains

Are registred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them — Let us toward the
King;

Think, upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,

(The *interim* having weigh'd it,) let us speak
Our

6. All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me, but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence.
7. *Tempus et hora*, time and occasion will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will.
8. *Worked, agitated, put into commotion.*

Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough: come, friends.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*Flourish. Enter King, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, LENOX and Attendants.*

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Are not

Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one, that had been studied⁹ in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle¹.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE,
and ANGUS.*

O worthiest Cousin!

The

9. Learned in the art of dying.

1. This behaviour corresponds in almost every circum-
stance with that of the earl of Essex, the greatest
ornament of Shakespear's age.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less de-
serv'd,

That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
ment

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due, even more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne, and state, children and
servants;

Which do but what they should, by doing
every thing

Safe tow'rd your love and honour².

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon

Our

2. This line is unintelligible. Some Critics therefore change *safe* to *fiets*, *fiefd*; others to *shap'd*. Johnson alters it thus: — — in doing nothing, *saw* toward your love and honour.

Our eldest, *Malcolm*; whom we name hereafter

The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honour must,
Not unaccompanied, invest him only;
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. — Hence to *Inverness*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not
us'd for you;

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*!

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*! —
that is a step, (*Aside.*

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to
see. (*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full
so valiant;

And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome;
It is a peerless Kinsman. (*Flourish. Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Lady MACBETH alone, with a letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of success;
and I have learned by the perfectest report³;
they

3. By the best intelligence,

they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. While I stood wrapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me and referred me to the coming on of time, with, hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

*Glamis thou art, and Cawdor — and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy
nature;*

*It is too full o'the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be
great,*

*Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou
wouldst highly,*

*That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
false,*

*And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst ha-
ve, great Glamis,*

*That which cries, "thus thou must do, if
thou have it;*

*„And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
„Then wishest should be undone." Hie thee
hither,*

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,

And

And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical ⁴ aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mes. The king comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true: our *Tha-*
ne is coming.

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely
 more

Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending;
 He brings great news. The raven himself is ⁵
 hoarse, (*Exit. Mes.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal ⁶ thoughts, unfex me
 here;

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,

B 2

That

4. *Supernatural.*

5. The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath
 to make up his message; to which the lady answers
 mentally, that he may well want breath, such a mes-
 sage would add hoarseness to the raven: That even
 the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict
 calamities, could not croak the entrance of Duncan
 but in a note of unwonted harshness.

6. *Deadly.*

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace ⁷
between

The effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall ⁸, you murd'ring
ministers!

Wherever in your fightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! — Come, thick
night!

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes;

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,

To cry, *hold, hold* ⁹! —

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

(Embracing him.)

Greater than both, by the all hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow as he purposes.

Lady.

7. Johnson: *Keep PACE*, which he explains; to *pass between*, to *intervene*.

8. *Take away my milk* and put *gall* into the place.

9. The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, if a third do cry *hold*; except that they did fight a combat in a place inclosed; and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general."

Lady. Oh, never
Shall sun that morrow see! —

Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where
men

May read strange matters. To beguile the
time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the inno-
cent flower,

But be the serpent under't. He, that's coming,
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We shall speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter King, MAL-
COLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX,
MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and
Attendants.*

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat;
the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle^r senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,

B 3

But-

I. Gentle, placid, calm, composed.

Buttreſs, nor coigne of 'vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant
 cradle:
 Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have
 obſerv'd,
 The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!
 The love that follows us, ſometime is our
 trouble,
 Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach
 you,
 How you ſhould bid god-yeild² us for your
 pains,
 And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our ſervice,
 In every point twice done, and then done
 double,
 Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
 Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, where-
 with
 Your Maſteſty loads our houſe. For thoſe
 of old,
 And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
 We reſt your hermits³.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor*?
 We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
 To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
 And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath
 help him
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hoſteſs,
 We

2. God-yeild, i. e. reward.

3. We as hermits ſhall always pray for you.

We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs
in compt⁴,
To make their audit at your highness pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII.

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then

MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done,
then 'twere well⁵
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could, trammel up the consequence, and catch
B 4 With

4. Steevens: *and what IN theirs, IS compt.*

5. Johnson: *If it were done, when 'tis done then 'twere well. It were done quickly, if etc. and v. 4. with its success surcease. „If that which I am about to do, when it is once done, were done and ended without any following effects, it would then be best to do it quickly; if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if its success could secure its surcease, if being once done successfully, without detection, it could fix a period to all vengeance, so that this blow might be all that I have to do; if this could be my condition even here in this world, on this narrow bank in the ocean of eternity, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But in these cases vengeance is inflicted upon us here. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example. „*

With its surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the Be-all and the End-all *Here*,
But *here*, upon this bank and shoal of time:
We'd jump the life to come. — But, in

these cases,
We still have judgment *here*; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught,
return

To plague the inventor: This even-handed
Justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murd'rer shut the
door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this
Duncan
Hath borne his faculties ⁶ so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd,
against

The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heavens cherubin, hors'd
Upon the fightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye:
That tears ⁷ shall drown the wind. — I
have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaul-

6. *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power etc.

7. Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower.

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other —

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now? what news?

Lady. He has almost supp'd; why have
you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in
this business.

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest
gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept
since?

Ant wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? from this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? would'st thou have that,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage⁸.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was it then,

B 5

That

8. Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.

His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell²?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd
When we have mark'd with blood those slee-
py two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very
daggers,

That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feast.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a
torch before him.

Ban. **H**ow goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not
heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle.

2. *Quell* is murder, manquellers are murderers.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, Sir.

Can. Hold, take my sword. There's
husbandry in heav'n,
Their candles are all out. — Take thee
that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep; merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts³, that
nature

Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH, and a servant with a torch.
Give me my sword: who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? the
king's a-bed,

He hath been in unusual pleasure,
Sent forth great largesse to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and
shut up

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,
We

3. Banquo had been solicited in a dream to do something in consequence of the witches, that his waking senses were shock'd at; and Shakespear has here finely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth.

We would spend it in some words upon that
business;

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure,

Macb. If you shall cleave to my con-
sent⁴, when 'tis,

It shall make honour for you,

Ban. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir, the like to you.

(*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*)

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my
drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

(*Exit Serv.*)

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? come, let me
clutch thee!

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still,
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. — — —
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine

4. If you shall concur with me when I determine (*con-
tent for will*) to accept the crown, *when 'tis*, when
that happens which the prediction promises, *it shall
make honour for you.*

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
senses,

Or else worth all the rest — I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon⁵, gouts of
blood,

Which was not so before. — There's no
such thing. —

It is the bloody business, which informs
Thusto mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep⁶; now witchcraft ce-
lebrates

Pale *Hecate's* offerings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his steal-
thy pace,

With *Tarquin's* ravishing strides⁷, tow'rd
his design

Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-
set earth,

Hear not my steps which way they walk,
for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror⁸ from the time,
Which

5. Haft, handle.

6. The word *now* has been hitherto added for the sake of metre; probably Shakespear wrote, *The curtain'd sleeper*. STEEVENS.

7. Large *strides*, in order to feel before us, whether we have a safe footing or not; and that the sound of them might be repeated as seldom as possible,

8. *Horror*, for *silence*. Lest the noise from the stones take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it.

Which now suits with it, — While I threat,
he lives —

(*A bell rings.*
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me;
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.
(*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk,
hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me
fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-
man,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. — He is
about it —

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I've
drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. (*within*) Who's there? what,
ho? —

Lady. Alack! I am afraid, they have
awak'd,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the
deed,
Confounds us: — hark! — I laid their
daggers ready,
He

He could not miss 'em — Had he not re-
sembled

My father as he slept, I had don't — My
husband!

Macb. I've done the deed — didst thou
not hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. A I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! — who lies i' the second
chamber?

Lady. *Donalbain.*

Macb. This is a sorry fight.

(*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A foolish thought, to say, a sor-
ry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
and one cry'd, murther!

That they did wake each other; I stood
and heard them;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd
them

Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bleß us!* and,
Amen, the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's
hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,
When

When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen;

I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought,
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry,
sleep no more!

Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave⁹ of care,
The death¹ of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast. —

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, *sleep no more*, to all
the house;

Glamis hath murther'd sleep; and therefore
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep
no more!

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd?
why, worthy *Thane*,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?

They

9. *Sleave* of silk is a *skain* of silk.

1. *Death*, Warburton writes: *birth*.

They must lie there. Go, carry them, and
smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I'm afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. (*Exit.*

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? (*Starting.*
How is it with me, when every noise ap-
pals me?

What hands are here? hah! they pluck out
mine eyes.

Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? no; this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green, One red —

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but
I shame

To wear a heart so white; I hear a knocking
(*Knock.*

At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.

How easy is it then? your constancy
Hath left you unattended — hark, more knock-
ing! (*Knock.*

Get

Get on your night gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, — 'twere
best not know myself,
Wake, *Duncan*, with thy knocking: I would
thou couldst! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Enter a Porter. (*Knocking within.*)

Por. Here's a knocking, indeed: if a
man were porter of hell-gate, he should have
old turning the key. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock,
knock. Who's there, i' th' name of *Belze-
bub*? here's a farmer that hang'd himself on
the expectation of plenty: come in time; have
napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat
for't. (*Knock.*) Knock, knock. Who's there,
in th' other devil's name? 'faith, here's an
equivocator ², that could swear in both the
scales against either scale; who committed
treason enough for God's sake, yet could not
equivocate to heav'n: oh, come equivocator.
(*Knock.*) Knock, knock, knock. Who's there?
'faith, here's an *English* taylor come hither
for stealing out of a *French* hose ³: come in,
taylor, here you may roast your goose.

C 2

(*Knock.*)

2. He means a Jesuit; an order so troublesome to the
state in Elisabeth and James I. time. The inventors
of the doctrine of equivocation.

3. The *French hose* were 1595 much in fashion; they
were large and wide, reaching down to their knees
only, with 3 or 4 gardes apeece laid down along
either hose, v. Stubbs *Anatomie of abuses*.

(*Knock.*) Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. (*Knock.*) Anon, anon. I pray you remember the porter.

Ender MACDUFF, and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you
went to bed,

That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock: And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir; nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him and it mars him; it lets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'th' very throat o' me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though
he

he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him ⁴.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble Sir.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy
Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely
on him;
I've almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to
you:

But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, phy-
sicks pain;
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my
limited ⁵ service. (*Exit Macduff.*)

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly; where
we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down: and, as
they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams
of death;

C 3

And

4. To cast him up, to ease my stomach of him. The equivocation is between *cast* or *throw*, as a term of wrestling, and *cast* or *cast up*.

5. Limited for appointed.

And prophesying, with accents terrible
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd ⁶ to the woeful time:
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some say, the earth was feverous, and did
shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot pa-
rallel

A fellow to it.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! Tongue
nor heart

Cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Macb. and Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his
master-piece,

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say; the life? —

Len. Mean you his Majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and de-
stroy your sight

With a new Gorgon. — Do not bid me
speak;

See, and then speak yourselves: awake! a-
wake! (*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*)

Ring the alarum bell — murder; and
treason!

Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake

6. *Prophecy* is *new hatched*, and in the metaphor
holds the place of the egg, the *events* are the fruit of.

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself — up, up, and see
The great doom's image! — *Malcolm!*

Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like
sprights,
To countenance this horror. — Ring the bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. What's the business,
That such an hideous trumpet calls to parly
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak, —

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell — O *Banquo, Banquo!*

Enter BANQUO.
Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our house? —

Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH, and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before
this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown, and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM, and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd,
had don't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with,
blood;

So were their daggers, which, unwip'd,
we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd and were
distracted;

No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them. —

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, tem-
p'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.
The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauser, reason. Here lay *Duncan*;
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature,
For Ruins wasteful entrance; there, the mur-
therers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade; their
daggers
Unmannerly breech'd ⁷ with gore: who could
refrain,

That

⁷. *Unmanly drench'd*: Johnson. Warburton: *reech'd*. The
expression however may mean, that the daggers were
covered

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! —

(*Seeming to faint.*)

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre hole,
May rush and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd,

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady; (*Lady Macbeth
is carried out.*)

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples
shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So, all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly rea-
diness,

And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented. (*Exeunt.*)

Mal. What will you do? let's not con-
fort with them:

C 5

To

covered with blood, quite to the breeches, i. e. their
hilts. The lower end of a cannon is called the
breach of it.

To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to *England*.

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in
blood,

The nearer bloody.

Malc. This murtherous shaft ^s that's
shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy
left. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter ROSSE, with an old man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can re-
member well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this
fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with
man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock,
'tis day;
And

8. The shaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground.

And yet dark night strangles the travelling
lamp;

Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis natural,
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tuesday*
last,

A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncan's* horses, (a thing
most strange and certain!)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their
race,

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls,
flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement
of mine eyes,

That look'd upon't.

Enter MACDUFF.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more
than bloody deed?

Macd. Those, that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd.

Macd. They were suborn'd;
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the king's two
 fons
 Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon
 them
 Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still; —
 Thriftless ambition! that wilt ravin up
 Thine own life's means. — Then 'tis most
 like,
 The sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*?

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone
 to *Scone*
 To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmes-kill*;
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
 And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, you may see things well
 done there; adieu;
 Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and
 with those
 That would make good of bad, and friends
 of foes. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT.

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. **T**hou hast it now; King, *Cawdor*,
Glamis, all
 As the weird women promis'd; and I fear,
 Thou playd'st most foully for't: yet it was
 said,

It should not stand in thy posterity;
 But that myself should be the root, and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from
 them,

(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches
 shine ^I)

Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well.
 And set me up in hope? but, hush, no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH as King,
Lady MACBETH, LENOX, ROSSE,
Lords and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,
 And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn sup-
 per, Sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

Ban.

I. Appear with all the lustre of conspicuous truth.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me; to the which my
duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd
Your good advice (which still hath been both
grave

And prosperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up
the time

'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse
the better,

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are
bestow'd

In *England* and in *Ireland*; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-
morrow;

When, therewithal, we shall have cause of
state,

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu,
'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with
you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does
call upon us.

Macb.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and
sure of foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel. *(Exit Banquo.*

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

'Till supper time alone; till then, God be
with you.

(Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.

Manent MACBETH, and a servant.

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the
palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us — To be
thus, is nothing; *(Exit Servant.*
But to be safely thus — Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis
much he dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose being I do fear; and under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,

Mark Anthony's was by *Caesar*. He chid
the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon
me,

And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-
like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings;

Upon

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If tis so,
 For *Banquo's* issue have I fil'd my mind:
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I
 murther'd:

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them: and mine eternal jewel
 Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of *Banquo*
 kings:

Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance ²! —
 who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murderers.
 Go to the door, and stay there, 'till we call.
(Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which
 held you

So under fortune; which, you thought,
 had been

Our innocent self; this I made good to you
 In our last conference, past in probation with
 you:

How

2. Que la destinée se rende en lice et qu'elle me donne
 un défi à l'outrance, i. e. to extremity. Let fate,
 that has foredoom'd the exaltation of Banquo, enter
 the lists against me in defence of its own decrees,
 which I will endeavour to invalidate.

How you were born in hand ³, how crost;
the instruments;

Who wrought with them: and all things else,
that might

'To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, *thus did Banquo*.

I. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macd. I did so; and went further, which
is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? are you so go-
spell'd ⁴,

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the
grave,

And beggar'd yours forever?

I. *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for
men,

As hounds, and grey-hounds, mungrels,
spaniels, curs,

Showghes ⁵, water-rugs, and demy-wolves
are cleped

All by the name of dogs; the valued file ⁶
Distinguishes the swift, the flow, the subtle,
The

3. Made to believe what was not true.

4. *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given by the papists to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of protestantism.

5. Demi-wolves.

6. A list or catalogue of value. Here it seems to mean a post of honour; the first rank in opposition to the last.

The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill
 That writes them all alike; and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it:
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off;
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
 I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
 So weary with disasters, tug'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
 Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody
 distance⁷,

That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life; and though I
 could

With

7. Such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense is evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as THRUSTING AT the nearest part where life resides.

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my
sight,

And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his fall,
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For fundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Mur.* Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you.
Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy⁸ o' the
time,

The moment on't; for't must be done to
night,

And something from the palace: always
thought,

That I require a clearness⁹: and, with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)

Fleance his son, that keeps him company,

Whose absence is no less material to me

Than is his father's, must embrace the fate

Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart,

I'll come to you anon.

D 2

Mur.

8. Johnson: with A perfect spy o' the time, to direct them to find Banquo. perfect is well instructed. Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place of action.

9. That I may stand clear of all suspicion. So Holinshed.

Mur. You are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within. (*Exeunt Murderers.*)
It is concluded; — *Banquo*, thy soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACBETH, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to night.

Lady. Say to the king I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. (*Exit.*)

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without consent:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of forriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed
have dy'd
With them they think on? things without
all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is
done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not
kill'd it —
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor
malice

Re-

Remains in danger of her former tooth.
 But let the frame of things disjoint,
 Both the worlds suffer,
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
 That shake us nightly. Better be with the
 dead,
 Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to
 peace,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy ¹. — *Duncan* is in his
 grave;
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor
 poison,
 Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
 Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on gentle my lord;
 Sleek o'er your rugged look: be bright, and
 jovial
 Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray,
 be you:
 Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*.
 Present him eminence, both with eye and
 tongue:
 Unsafe the while, that we must lave our
 honours
 In these flattering streams, and make our faces
 Vizors t' our hearts, disguising what they
 are! —

Lady. You must leave this.

D 3

Macb.

¹. Madness.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind,
dear wife!

Thou know'st, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*
lives.

Lady. But in them, nature's copy's ²
not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are
affailable;

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight, ere, to black *Hecat's*
summons,

The shard-born ³ beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall
be done

A deed of dreadful hope.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge,
dearest chuck,

'Till thou applaud the deed; come, feeling ⁴
night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,

And with thy bloody and invisible hand

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,

Which keeps me pale! light thickens ⁵, and
the crow

Makes wing to th' rooky ⁶ wood:

Good

2. The copy, the lease, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited.

3. The beetle hatch'd in clefts of wood.

4. i. e. blinding a term in falconry.

5. The light grows dull or muddy.

6. Rooky or reeky means damp, misty, steaming with exhalations. Rooky wood may, however, mean a rookery, the wood that abounds with rooks.

Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
While night's black agents to their prey do
rouze.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee
still;

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves
by ill:

So, pr'ythee, go with me. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Enter three Murthevers.

1. *Mur.* But who bid thee join with us⁷?

3. *Mur.* *Macbeth.*

2. *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since
he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1. *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace, —
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3. *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses —
(*Banquo within.*) Give us a light there, ho!

2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest,
That are within the note of expectation⁸,
Already are i'the court.

D 4

I

7. The *perfect spy* has, before they enter upon the stage, given them the directions; yet one of the murderers suspects him of intending to betray them; the other observes, that by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not be mistrusted.

8. In the list of guests.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3. *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does
usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with
a torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

(They assault Banquo.)

Ban. Oh, treachery!

Fly, good *Fleance*; fly, fly, fly,

Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave!

(Dies. Fleance escapes.)

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way? ?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son
is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how
much is done. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE IV.

*A banquet prepar'd. Enter MACBETH,
Lady, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and
Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees,
fit down: ^f at first,
And

9. The best means to evade discovery.

1. Johnson: To first and —

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lord. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome, (*They sit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all
our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murtherer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with
their heart's thanks;
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round — There's blood upon thy
face.

Mur. 'Tis better thee without, than he
within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I
did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-
throats; yet he's good
That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou did'st it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had
else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general, as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in

To faucy doubts and fears. But *Banquo's*
safe —

Mnr. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch
he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thank's for that!

There the grown serpent lies: the worm
that's fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; to-
morrow

We'll hear't ourselves again. (*Exit Murderer.*)

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the chear; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making;
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were
best at home;

From thence, the fauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

(*Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Mac-
beth's place.*)

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len- May't please your highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's
honour roof'd,

Were the great person of our *Banquo* pre-
sent; —

Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for michance.

Rosse. His absence, Sir,

Lays

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.

What is't that move's your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it:
never shake

Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is
not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is
often thus,

And hath been from his youth. Pray you,
keep seat,

The fit is momentary, on a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his passion.

Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a
man? (*To Macb. aside.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare
look on that,

Which might apall the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear; (*Aside.*

This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you
said,

Led you to *Duncan.* Oh, these flaws and
starts

(*Im-*

(Impostors ² to true fear), would well be-
come

A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself! —
Why do you make such faces? when all's
done,

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there!
Behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I! if thou canst nod, speak
too. —

If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those, that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him —

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now,
i'the olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ³.
Ay, and since too, murthers have been per-
form'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man
would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal murthers on their
crowns,

And push us from our stools, this is more
strange
Than

2. Imitators of those starts which arise from a fear well grounded.

3. The state made quiet and safe by human statutes.

Than such a murther is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and
health to all!

Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill
full —

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
Reenter ghost.

And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we
miss;

Would he were here! to all, and him, we
thirst.

And all ⁴ to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight! let
the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros or the *Hyrcean* tyger,
Take any shape but That, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If

4. All good wishes to all; love, health, and joy.

If trembling I inhabit ⁵, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence! Why so, — being
gone,

I am a man again: pray you sit still.

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth,
broke the good meeting
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange ⁶

Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold such
fights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What fights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows
worse and worse?

Question enrages him: at once, good night!
Stand not upon the order of your going;
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his Majesty!

Lady. Good-night to all. (*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb.

5. *If trembling I inhibit thee*, protest me &c. Steevens. To *inhibit* is to *forbid*; the poet uses the word frequently in the sense required in this passage.

6. *You prove to me, that I am a stranger*, even to my own disposition, (my opinion of my own courage), when I recollect, the very object that steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours

Strange things I have in head, that will to
hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be
scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season¹ of all na-
tures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep, my strange
and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We're yet but young in deed. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E V.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting
HECATE.

1 Witch. Why, how now, *Hecat'*? you
look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you
are,

Saucy, and over-bold! how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles, and affairs of death?

And I the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son;
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,

And

1. You want sleep, which seasons, or gives the relish to
all nature, somnus vitae condimentum.

And at the pit of *Acheron*
 Meet me i' th' morning: thither he
 Will come, to know his destiny.
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
 Your charms, and every thing beside.
 I am for th' air: this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end;
 Great business must be wrought ere noon;
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop, profound ²;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
 And that distill'd by magic flights ³,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
 And you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy. (*Music and a Song.*
 Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

(*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

I Witch. Come, let's make haste, she'll
 soon be back again.

(*Exeunt.*

SCE-

2. A drop that has profound, deep, or hidden qualities.
 The vaporous drop is a foam which the moon was
 supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other ob-
 jects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. *virus*
lunare of the ancients.

3. Arts, subtle practices.

SCENE VI.

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit
your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gra-
cious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth* — marry, he was
dead: —

And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, *Fleance*
kill'd,

For *Fleance* fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how mon-
sterous

It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth*? did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls
of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? ay, and wisely too,
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't, So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That, had he *Duncan's* sons under his key,
(As, an't please heav'n, he shall not) they
should find

What 'were to kill a father: so should *Fleance*.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause
he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear

Mac-

Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself.

Lord. The son of *Duncan*,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the *English* court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious *Edward*, with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Mac-*
duff is gone

To pray the holy king upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Sinclair*;
That by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody
knives,

Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperated the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute,
Sir, not I,

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, "you'll rue
the time,

"That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold
His message ere he come! that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,

Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my pray'rs with him.

(Exeunt.)

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. **T**hrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

3 Witch. Harper ⁴ cries. — 'tis time,
'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under the cold stone
Days and nights, hast, thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All.

⁴. The name of a familiar.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf ⁵
Of the ravin'd salt sea-shark:
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming *Jew*:
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of *Turk*, and *Tartar's* lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and slab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron ⁶,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your
pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains,
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song.
*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

E 3

1 Witch.

^{5.} The swallow, the throat.

^{6.} Entrails.

I Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black,
and midnight hags?

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which
you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them
fight

Against the churches; though the yesty ⁷
waves

Confound and swallow navigation up:
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees
blown down,

Though castles topple⁸ on their warders heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do flope
Their heads to their foundations; though the
treasure

Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
Even 'till destruction sicken: answer me
To what I ask you.

I Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

I Witch. Say if thou 'dst rather hear it
from our mouths,

Or from our masters!

Macb.

⁷. Foaming or frothy waves.

⁸. Tumble.

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

I *Witch.* Pour in fow's blood, that hath
eaten

Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murtherer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:
Thyself, and office, deftly show. (*Thunder.*

1st Apparition, an armed head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power —

I *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!* be-
ware *Macduff.*

Beware the *Thane of Fife* — dismiss me
— enough. (*Descends:*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good
caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one
word more. —

I *Witch.* He will not be commanded;
here's another
More potent than the first. (*Thunder.*

2d Apparition, a bloody child.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!*

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd heard theed,

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute;
laugh to scorn

The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* (*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, *Macduff*: what need
I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
 And take a bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
 And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is this?
 (Thunder.

3d Apparition, a Child crowned, with a tree
 in his hand.

That rises like the issue of a king;
 And wears upon his baby-brow, the round⁹
 And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Belion mettled, proud; and take
 no care,

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers
 are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
 Great Birnam-wood to high Dunfinane's hill
 Shall come against him. (Descends.

Macb. That will never be;
 Who can impress the forest? bid the tree
 Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bode-
 ments! good!

Rebellious head¹, rise never, 'till the wood
 Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
 Shall live the lease of Nature, pay his breath
 To time and mortal custom! — Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if
 your art

Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign

9. This round is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The top is the ornament that rises above it.

1. Head means host or power.

Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be fatisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me
know,

Why finks that cauldron; and what noife is
this? (*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like fhadows, fo depart.

(*A shew* ² *of eight kings, and BANQUO the
last, with a glafs in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the fpirit of
Banquo; down!

Thy crown does fear ³ mine eye-balls —
And thy air,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the
first —

A third is like the former — filthy hags!

Why do ye shew me this? — A fourth
— start, eye!

What! will the line ftretch out to the crack
of doom?

Another yet? — A feventh? I'll fee no more —

E 5

And

2. No *ghosts* but representations. There is no ghost but Banquo's throughout the play. Voltaire, however, laughs at this tragedy, for having a legion of ghosts in it.

3. This expreffion is taken from the method formerly practifed of destroying the fight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bafon before the eye, which dried up its humidity.

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a
glass,

Which shews me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres⁴ carry.
Horrible fight! now I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd⁵ *Banquo* smiles upon
me,

And points at them for his. What, is this so?
I Witch. Ay, Sir, all this is so? but
why

Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay. (*Musick.*
(*The witches dance and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? gone?
Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len.

4. This was intended as a compliment to James I, who first united the 3 kingdoms, whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo. Therefore Shakespear represents Banquo not only as an innocent but as a noble character, whereas he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan.

5. Whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes through the holes of a sieve.

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they
ride;

And damn'd all those that trust them! I did
hear

The galloping of horse: — Who was't came by?

Len. 'Twas two or three, my lord, that
bring you word,

Macduff is fled to *England*?

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st ⁶ my
dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this mo-
ment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought
and done!

The castle of *Macduff* I will surprise,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o' the
sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate
souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting like
a fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

But no more fights. Where are these gen-
tlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. (*Exeunt.*

SCE-

6. To anticipate is here to prevent.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son and ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make
him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness; when our actions
do not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom to leave his wife, to
leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? he loves us
not,

He wants the natural touch⁷; for the poor
wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself; but, for your
husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season⁸. I dare not speak
much farther,

But

7. Natural sensibility.

8. What befits the time.

The pit - fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? poor birds
they are not fet for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead! how wilt
thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a
husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty
at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell
again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
and yet, i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and
lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one, that does so, is
a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that
swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are
fools; for there are liars and swearers enough
to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey!
but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son.

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler! how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect;
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly.

If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

'To do worse ² to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. *(Exit Messenger.)*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now,
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm? — What
are these faces?

Enter Murth'ers

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so un-
sanctified,

Where

2. To do worse is, to let her and her children be destroyed without warning.

Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg?

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He's kill'd me, mother,
Run away, I pray you.

(*Exit L. Macduff, crying murther.*)

S C E N E III.

³ *Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade,
and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good
men,
Bestride our downfaln birthdom ⁴: each
new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new
sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour ⁵.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can
redrefs,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What

³. This scene is almost literally taken from the *Chronicle of Scotland*.

⁴. Birthright.

⁵. The prodigies in the skies shew that heaven sympathised with Scotland.

What you have spoke, it may be so, per-
chance;

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our
tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have lov'd
him well,

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young;
but something

You may deserve of him through me, and
wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,

To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon:

That which you are, my thoughts cannot
transpose⁶;

Angels are bright still, though the brightest
fell:

Though all things foul would wear the brows
of grace,

Yet grace must look still so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I
did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness⁷ left you wife and
and children?

Those

6. My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be often counterfeited by villany.

7. Without maturity of counsil.

Those precious motives, those strong knots
 of love,
 Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties; you may be rightly
 just,
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dares not check thee! Wear
 thou thy wrongs —
 His title is affear'd⁸. Fare thee well, lord:
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
 I think our country sinks beneath the yoke:
 It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
 There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
 And here from gracious *England* have I offer
 Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before;
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean, in whom I
 know

All

8. *Frighted* form exerting itself. Throughout the old
 copies of Shakespear, the word *afraid* is written as
 it was formerly pronounced, *afeard*.

All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black *Mac-*
beth

Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom,
none,

In my voluptuousness: your wives, your
daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not
fill up

The cysterne of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so
hood-wink;

We have willing dames enough; there can-
not be

That vulture in you to devour so many,

As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A staunchless avarice, that were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a fauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious
root

Than summer-seeming lust⁹; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not
fear;

Scotland hath foysons^{*)} to fill up your will
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the king-beco-
ming graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no relish of them; but abound

In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power,
I should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd.

⁹. Lust, that seems as hot as summer.

^{*)} Plenty,

Macd. Oh *Scotland! Scotland!* —

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern,
speak:

I'm as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. — Oh, nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred!
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days
again?

Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurf'd,
And does blaspheme his breed. Thy royal
father

Was a most fainted king; the queen, that
bore thee,

Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!

These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. Oh, my
breast!

Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my
thoughts

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish
Macbeth

By many of these trains hath sought to win
me

Into his power: and modest wisdom plucks
me

From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now

I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak my own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not be-
 tray
 The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth than life: my first false speak-
 ing
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to com-
 mand:
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together, and the chance of good-
 ness [†]
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
 silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome
 things at once,
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor,

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the
 king forth I pray you?
Doct.

†. — *And the chance, of goodness, (pro justitia divina)*
Be like our warranted quarrel may be answerable
 to the cause. *Chance* is the event. So Warburton.
 JOHNSON writes: o goodness, o thou sovereign good-
 ness! So Shakespear has often, GENTLE heaven!

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of
wretched souls,
That stay his cure; their malady convinces²
The great assay of art. But, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend. (*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often since my here-remain in *England*
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heav'n,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited
people,

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And fundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal. My countryman³; but yet I know
him not.

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome
hither.

F 4

Mal.

2. Overpower's, subdues.

3. He discovers him by his dress.

Mal. I know him now. Good God be-
times remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, *Amen.*

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to
smile:

Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that
rend the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent for-
row seems

A modern ⁴ ecstasy: the dead-man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom: and good
men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss
the speaker,

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well —

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too. —

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at
their peace?

Rosse.

4. *Modern* is in Shakespear in some places for *foolish*,
trifling.

Rosse. No; they were all at peace, when
I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech:
how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport
the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a
rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scot-*
land

Would create soldiers, and make women
fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward* and ten thousand men:
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would, I could answer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch ⁵ them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief ⁶,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,

F 5

But

5. An old copie of Shakespear reads *latch* them. To
latch, (in the North country dialect) signifies the same
as to catch. STEEVENS.

6. A peculiar grief.

But in it shares some woe; though the main
part

Pertains to you alone,

Macd. If it be mine,

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest
found,

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your
wife, and babes,

Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry⁷ of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n! —

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows;

Give sorrow words; the grief, that does
not speak,

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
break.

Macd. My children too? —

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that
could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence, my
wife kill'd too!

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's

7. *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In *hunting* it means the *death of the deer*; in *falconry* the *game of the hawk after she has seized, and is tiring on it*.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macb. He has no children. — All my
pretty ones?

Did you say, all? oh, hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute ⁸ it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me: did Heaven
look on,
And would not take their part? sinful *Mac-*
duff!

They were all struck for thee! naught that
I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls; Heaven rest
them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your
sword; let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, en-
rage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with
mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle
Heaven!

Cut short all intermission: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and myself;
Within my sword's length set him, if he
'scape,

Hea-

8. Contend with your present sorrow.

Heaven, forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the king; our power is
ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on⁹ their instruments. Receive what
cheer you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentle-
woman.*

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you,
but can perceive no truth in your report.
When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the
field, I have seen here rise from her bed,
throw her night gown upon her, unlock her
closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon
it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again re-
turn to bed; yet all this while in a most fast
sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature!
to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and
do

9. *Put on*, i. e. encourage, thrust forward us their in-
struments, against the tyrant.

do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH with a taper.

Lo, you? here she comes: this is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command,

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned spot! out, I say — one, two; why then 'tis time to do't —

Hell

Hell is murky ¹! — Fy my lord, fy, a soldier and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane of Fife* had a wife; where is she now? — what, will these hands ne'er be clean? — no more o'that, my lord, no more o'that; you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well —

Gent. Pray God, it be, Sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady.

1. She imagines herself talking to Macbeth, who (*she supposes*) says, *Hell is murky*, i. e. a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale — I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

(Exit Lady.)

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine, than the physician.

God, God, forgive us all! look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance,

And still keep eyes upon her; so good-night.

My mind she has mated², and amaz'd my fight.

I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good Doctor.

Exeunt.

SCE-

2. Astonished, confounded.

SCENE II.

*Drum and Colours. Enter MENTETH,
CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and
Soldiers.*

Ment. The *English* power is near, led
on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified ³ man.

Ang. Near *Birnam-wood*
Shall we well meet them; that way are they
coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbain* be with
his brother?

Len. For certain, he is not: I have a
file

Of all the gentry; there is *Seyward's* son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunsinane* he strongly for-
tifies;

Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser
hate him,

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now

3. The religious, who is dead to the world.

Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-
breach;

Those, he commands, move only in com-
mand,

Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's
purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown
the weeds.

Make we our march towards *Birnam*.

(*Exeunt marching.*)

SCENE III.

Enter MACBETH, *Doctor*, and *Attendants*.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let
them fly all:

'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunsinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy
Malcolm?

G

Was

Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that
know

All mortal consequence, have pronounced
me thus:

Fear not, *Macbeth*; no man, that's born
of woman,

Shall e'er have power upon thee. — Then
fly, false *Thanes*,

And mingle with the *English* Epicures ⁴.

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with
fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
loon!

Where got'st thou that goose-look?

Ser. There is ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-
red thy fear,

Thou lilly - liver'd boy. What soldiers,
patch ⁵?

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of
thine

Are

4. Shakespear took the thought from Holinshed. The same Historian informs us, that in those days the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very sparingly.

5. An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *py'd*, *patch'd*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to the people of distinction.

Are counsellors ⁶ to fear. What soldiers,
whey-face?

Ser. The *English* force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence — *Seyton*!

—— I am sick at heart,
When I behold —— *Seyton*, I say! —— this
push

Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat ⁷ me now.

I have liv'd long enough; my way ⁸ of life
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have: but in their stead,

Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour,
breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
dare not.

Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which
was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones
my flesh be hack'd;

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

G ?

Send

6. They infect others who see them with cowardice.

7. Thrust me from the seat.

8. JOHNSON: *May of life*. I am now passed from the
spring to the autumn of my days.

Send out more horses, skirr ⁹ the country
round ;

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine
armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain :
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous
stuff,

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll
none of it —

Come, put my armour on; give me my staff;
Seyton, send out — Doctor, the *Thanes* fly
from me —

Come, Sir, dispatch — If thou could'st, Doc-
tor, cast

The water ¹ of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health;
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't of, I
say —

What

9. i. e. to scour, to ride hastily.

1. To cast the water, to find out disorders by the in-
spection of urine.

What rhubarb, fenna, or what purgative
drug,

Would scour these *English* hence! hear'st
thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal
preparation

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam* forest come to *Dunsinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunsinane* away,
and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.

*Drum and Colours. Enter MALCOLM, SEY-
WARD, MACDUFF, SEYWARD'S Son,
MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS,
and Soldiers marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are
near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down
a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we
shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sol. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

Keeps still in *Dunsinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given²,
Both more and less³ have given him the revolt.
And none serve with him but constrained
things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we
owe⁴:

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes re-
late;

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate⁵:
Towards which, advance the war.

Exeunt marching.

SCENE V.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers,
with drums and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the
outward walls,
The

2. JOHNSON: where there is a 'vantage (i. e. oppor-
tunity) to be gone.

3. Greater and less.

4. What our legal kings have a right to take from us.

5. Determine.

The cry is still, *they come*: our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them
lie,

'Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should
be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to
beard,

And beat them backward home. What is this
noise? (*A cry within of women.*)

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good
lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of
fears:

The time has been, my senses would have
cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell⁶ of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
As life were in't. I have sapt full with hor-
rors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that
cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a
word⁷.

To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

G 4

To

6. *Skin.* Fell of hair, my capillitium.

7. *For such an intelligence.* To send word, is, to give intelligence. JOHNSON proposed once: — *been a time for.* — *such a world!*

To the last syllable of recorded time⁸;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
 candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more! It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing!

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story
 quickly.

Mes. My gracious lord,
 I should report that which, I say I saw,
 But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the
 hill,

I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, me-
 thought,

The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! (*Striking him.*

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't
 be not so:

Within this three mile may you see it coming;
 I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
 'Till famine cling⁹ thee: if thy speech be
 sooth,

I

8. Of the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the
 period of life.

9. To cling is to consume.

I care not if thou dost for me as much. —
I pull in ¹ resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. “Fear not, ’till *Birnam*
wood
„Do come to *Dunsinane*,” — and now a
wood
Comes toward *Dunsinane*. Arm, arm, and
out!
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I ’gin to be a-weary of the fun;
And wish the state o’ the world were now
undone. —
Ring the alarum bell, blow wind! come,
wrack!
At least, we’ll die with harness on our back.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

*Drum and Colours. MALCOLM, SEY-
WARD, MACDUFF, and their Army
with boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough; your leavy
screens throw down,
And shew like those you are. You, wor-
thy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle. Worthy *Macduff* and
we

G 5.

Shall

I. To pull in is to CHECK the confidence, to which he had GIVEN THE REIN BEFORE.

Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Seyw. Fare you well:

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macb. Make all your trumpets speak;
give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and
death. (*Exeunt.*
(*Alarums continued.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake;
I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.
What's he,
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SEYWARD.

To. Seyw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

To. Seyw. No: though thou call'st thy-
self a hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

To. Seyw. The devil himself could not
pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

To. Seyw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant;
with my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

(*Fight*

(Fight, and young Seyward's slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman; —
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to
scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.
(Exit.

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant,
shew thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of
mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still.
I cannot strike at wretched *Kernes*, whose
arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou,
Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st
be: —
By this great clatter, one of greatest
note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. *(Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM and SEYWARD.

Seyw. This way, my lord, the castle's
gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal.

Mal. We have met with foes,
That strike beside us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the castle.

(*Exeunt. Alarum.*)

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the *Roman*
fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the
gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much
charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. My voice is in my sword; thou
bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. (*Fight. Alarum.*)

Macb. Thou lovest labour;
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant² air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me
bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm!
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's
womb

Untimely ripp'd.

Macb.

² Which cannot be cut.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue, that
tells me so!

For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more be-
liev'd,
That palter ³ with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope; I'll not fight with
thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o' the
time,
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters
are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's*
feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though *Birnam*-wood be come to *Dun-*
sinane,
And thou, oppos'd, being of no woman
born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on *Mac-*
duff;
And damn'd be him, that first cries, hold,
enough.

(*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*
Reenter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.

Re-

³. That shuffle with ambiguous expressions.

Retreat and flourish. Enter with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSSE, Thanes and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss,
were safe arriv'd,

Seyw. Some must go off: and yet by
these I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble
son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a
foldier's debt;

He only liv'd but 'till he was a man;

The which no sooner had his prowess con-
firm'd,

In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Seyw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field:
your cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for
then

It hath no end.

Seyw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Seyw. Why then, God's foldier be
he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Seyw.

Seyw. He's worth no more:
They say, he parted well, and paid his
score.
So, God be with him! — Here comes newer
comfort.

*Enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S
head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th' usurper's cursed head; the time is
free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine. —
Hail, King of *Scotland*!

All. Hail, King of *Scotland*!

(Flourish.)

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence
of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My *Thanes*
and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever
Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to
do,
Which would be planted newly with the
time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of

Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like
 queen,
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent
 hands
 Took off her life; this, and what needful
 else

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place.
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

Florish. Exeunt.

80

Shakespeare

Malone

Shakespeare

Shakespeare

Shakespeare, William,

Macbeth a tragedy ; with explanatory notes selected from Dr. Johnsons and
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